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ORATION

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

CINCINNATI, AND THE '76 ASSOCIATION,

JULY 4, 1857,

By FLEETWOOD LANNEAU,

A Member of the '76 Association.



CHARLESTON:

STEAM POWER PRESS OF WALKER, EVANS AND CO.
No. 3 BROAD STREET.

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Book 12

SMITHSONIAN DEPOSIT

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ORATION.

*Messrs. Presidents and Gentlemen
of the Cincinnati, and '76 Association :*

No event in the history of our country is invested with greater interest, than that which to-day we celebrate.

The 4th of July, 1776, was indeed the natal day of freedom ! It is our pleasing duty again to commemorate it ; again to review the history of our country : to trace her onward course from the period when, in infancy, she set out upon the journey, and in imagination to follow her, as with gigantic strides, she presses on, and far outstripping the wondering nations of the earth, fulfils her glorious destiny.

The history of our country is a familiar theme to all who hear me. Who in this assembly has not traced it from the period when the Pilgrim fathers landed upon Plymouth Rock, and laid the foundation of this great republic !

But assembled as we are, to celebrate the starting point in that history, it becomes us to recur to its thrilling incidents and to revive its pleasing recollections.

There was a period when the footsteps of our race were yet to be imprinted on the soil we occupy.—When the native Indian proudly stood upon these sunny shores, and as he looked out upon the boundless ocean stretching far away towards the rising sun, imagined not that the time was coming, when, upon its treacherous bosom, would be conveyed the master spirits, into whose hands his rich possessions were to be transferred.

This garden spot was then the happy abode of the indige-nous race who claimed it as their own. Its forests re-echoed with joyous shouts as they bounded onward in the chase, or reverberated with the death yell, or the song, as they reveled in the tortures of vanquished foes.

There was a period when no sound was heard upon New-England's rocky shores, save the howling of the wintry blast, as it swept madly by, or the angry dash of the storm tossed wave, as it lashed with fury that ice bound coast.

The step of the Pilgrim Fathers was yet to be planted upon that rugged spot. But the time was coming when that little band should enter upon a glorious mission.

Let us gratefully remember them this day, and as we again assemble around the altar which patriotism erects, forget not the dangers which they encountered during that dark period of American history.

The long interval which passed ere the memorable rupture with the mother country occurred, was distinguished by the infliction of repeated wrongs heaped upon the colonies. But it is not our purpose to revive the feelings of hostility which then existed, and which finally led to the declaration of Independence. The participants in that struggle have passed away forever. The wounds which were inflicted then, have long since been healed, and with Great Britain we are happily at peace, in our relations to some extent, mutually dependent; and may we not express the hope, that the day is far distant when naught but generous rivalry shall exist for the promotion of mutual national prosperity.

With her we are identified by many and strong associations. The blood of her sons flows even here to day, in the veins of some whom we address; and though she drew too closely around the early settlers the cord which finally they severed, it was doubtless designed, that thus should they be prepared for the accomplishment of the great work which has since so successfully been performed, and thus were the patriot fathers to become inured to hardships, and familiarized to dangers, which might well have appalled the stoutest hearts and dismayed the most courageous.

The sanguinary and protracted war of the Revolution left the young republic free from the shackles with which she had been bound. The long night of the revolution was ended, and the day spring of freedom gave promise of the brilliant meridian which she has since so rapidly attained.

Then was America *free*! Free to assume the reins of self-government. Free to enter upon the glorious career which invitingly opened up before her. And then was that bond of Federal Union framed, upon the faithful performance of which the fate of this great nation is fearfully poised. A trust involving the happiness of millions was then committed to the sages of the revolution. But they were competent to the discharge of the sacred obligation. With prophetic vision they scanned the distant future, and with peculiar care guarded in the constitution which was then adopted, the *equal* rights of each *sovereign* State. Upon the platform of that sacred document, we of the South have ever stood—are yet prepared to stand.

Well for the stability of this Union, did the spirit of '76 continue to sway our national councils. The billows of treacherous fanaticism would then vainly beat against the magna charta of our liberties! Then would a bond of union connect the North and the South that would never be dis severed. Then would we celebrate as in days gone by, the anniversary of Independence day. May the demon of abolition be annihilated which has entered our once happy Eden; at first with stealthy step, but now with rampant strides, overleaping barrier after barrier, threatening the demolition of the superstructure itself, and the final extinguishment of the light of this Union. Then would unavailing anguish announce that the fatal blow was dealt, and the ruin consummated by parri cidal hands.

We desire not to enter upon the discussion of our domestic political relations. Yet are we not reminded that dark clouds have lowered upon our political horizon, and even yet threaten to obscure its brightness? What though they have been dispersed ere the storm flood burst upon it? The lightning flash may again glare upon that horizon, and the distant thunder again herald the return of the desolating storm which may o'erwhelm us in its fury.

But let us pass the exciting topic by, on this our natal day, and forgetting the sectional differences which unhappily exist, leave the result in the hands of Him to whom in the day of trouble we will confidently refer our cause, as just! and until

that issue be forced upon us, let us cherish the happy institutions of our Union. A Union which has accomplished for the elevation of our race, more than all the dynasties of earth combined. A Union, eliciting at once the *wonder*, the *envy*, the *admiration* of the world.

And if that hour of final dissolution comes, then let us claim as our portion the Star Spangled Banner, which has thus far been unfurled only to add fresh lustre to our glory and renown.

And should the line be drawn which shall diminish the number of its stars and obscure the beauty of its stripes, then will we adopt it as *our own*, *rescue it from apostate hands*, and displaying it high in this our Southern clime, replace with new-born States those obliterated stars, and re-produce its gorgeous stripes, and in renovated beauty, re-dedicate it to a more enduring Southern Union! Yes,

We will cherish our flag and preserve it from shame,

Protect it from blemish or stain;

We will cherish our flag for it heralds a name

Which despots could never, no never defame,

Its glory no never attain.

Yes! flag of our country, we will cherish thy fame,

Thy stars and thy stripes will revere,

Long, long may they wave, be thy beauty the same;

To nations far distant, go freedom proclaim,

Glad tidings of liberty bear.

Till then, we will recur with pride to the valor of our sires, and transmit to those who shall succeed us, the rich legacy of their fame. And while we point to deeds of daring, accomplished by revolutionary heroes in every section of our wide spread country, let us more prominently advert to those which distinguished our *own* Carolina.

At Lexington and Bunker Hill, the opening scenes in the great drama of the Revolution were enacted. South-Carolina with impetuous haste, re-echoed the battle cry, engaged the enemy in far superior force, and as she had been among the first to buckle on her armor, so was she the *first* to achieve a brilliant victory.

Proud to Carolinians, are the recollections of the battle on yonder island fought. No lofty monument has been construct-

ed to mark that revolutionary spot: to remind the passing stranger that the first victory of that memorable war was there gallantly won, and that there the mistress of the ocean was first taught that her undisputed sway had terminated, and that Young America now claimed the sceptre from her grasp ! But we can point to the Star Spangled Banner, a noble substitute, glittering with untarnished lustre o'er the site where stood the rudely constructed Fort Sullivan.

The Star Spangled Banner, there proudly it shines,
As gracefully streaming in air,
With the breeze from the ocean it softly entwines,
And playfully waving its beautiful lines,
Reposes triumphantly there.

Many were the battles lost and won, ere liberty was obtained. During protracted hostilities, prosecuted with all the energy of a powerful enemy, the blood of thousands was freely spilt, and upon the altars of liberty victims were freely offered. No State suffered more; none more ready than Carolina to bear a portion of the costly sacrifice. From the commencement of the war, she had well performed her part; and the pages of her history glitter with the record of achievements, and are adorned with names that will never be forgotten while the genius of liberty presides over the institutions of our country. Had the result of that battle been adverse, the declaration of independence may never have accomplished its glorious mission. To South-Carolina, defeat would have been disastrous indeed. The fires of liberty so brightly burning then, may have been extinguished, never to have been rekindled; and the ardent aspirations of patriotism may have been blasted forever. But victory perched upon the crescent banner, and its thrilling shout nerved for future conquests the heroes of that early battle. They realized what could be accomplished in a cause so sacred, and though for a time o'erwhelmed by discouraging reverses, with liberty in prospect they oftentimes rallied, and after many hard fought battles, secured the prize and won *perpetual freedom*.

America was never more to wear the yoke of bondage; never to be subject to kingly power. Her future rulers were

to be the chosen of her sons, and the voice of millions to bestow the sceptre! Happy America! Eighty-one years have passed since then, and the problem of the capacity of man for *self*-government has been fully solved. But sad is the reflection, that no barrier has been erected more fatal to the future attainments of our country, than that which false philanthropy has reared, to mar its symmetrical proportions, and shake to its foundations the happiest form of government with which man has yet been blessed.

As a nation, we have enjoyed almost uninterrupted peace and prosperity. From the small beginning of thirteen confederated States, witness their rapid increase. Compare her with the older nations of the world, and let the pen of the historian chronicle her unparalleled success. Behold her sheltering in grateful security the oppressed of every clime and nation; nay, sending to starving ones the bread of life, which she spares from her rich abundance. Her commerce knows no boundary. No ocean so remote as not to have borne upon its bosom our noble ships, as with snowy pinions wide-spread to catch the breeze, or with the rushing speed of yet more powerful steam, they plough the hidden pathway of the mighty deep. Her railroads know no terminus. Upon their endless tracks the fiery locomotive dashes on—annihilating time and space—as now on giddy heights it rushes onward in its course, and then through darkened tunnels pierces the mountain base. With lightning speed the magnetic telegraph transmits intelligence of weal or woe from State to State; and finding this continent too contracted for its myriad lines, invades the depths of ocean; startles the monsters of the mighty deep, and soon will bind in mystic tie the old world and the new!

Behold the onward march of education; elevating the million, and shedding light and knowledge on the darkest portions of our land. See philanthropy closely following in its train, ameliorating the condition of the unfortunate and distressed. Behold the charitable associations which shelter beneath their numerous banners the widow and the fatherless.

Onward! yet onward! is the watchword of the genius of America.

To-day, we commemorate the anniversary of our national birthday. But where are the actors in that initiatory scene? They have all long since departed. The grave hides them from our view, and they live not to rejoice with us in this retrospect of the past. One after another they have gone! Some lingered to depart upon the anniversary of a day which made their names immortal, and now not one of those, our honored sires, remain to tell to us the story of Independence Day! But history faithfully records that deed, and thus will we contribute to pass it down to the millions who shall succeed us.

We have thus hastily referred to the warriors and the statesmen who have earned for us our rich inheritance. Let us not be unmindful of the fair daughters of America who also nobly performed an appropriate part in the days which tested the heroism of our sires. They, too, deserve remembrance on this day, with those who achieved the honors of the field. They ministered at the couch of the wounded, soothed their agonizing tortures, and gently smoothed, as only woman's hand can do, the pillow of the dying patriot. The history of the times abounds with incidents in which they bore a conspicuous part; and the thrilling scenes through which they also passed, testify that their love of country was as pure as that which woman only can bestow upon the worthy object of her heart's affections. The names of many adorn the page of history, and their devotion to the cause of liberty is deeply engraved upon the hearts of a grateful posterity. May we not add that the spirit which gave to battle and to death the fathers and the sons of the Revolution, the hands which then bestowed the banners under which they should rally to conquer or to die, would again distinguish the daughters of the matrons of the revolution. And should the period unhappily arrive when our sons shall be summoned to the battle-field, the approving smile of beauty will again incite to victory!

The scroll upon which is inscribed the names of the heroes of '76 glitters with the record of deeds accomplished in every section of our wide-spread Union, and we should be wanting in fidelity to the cause of patriotism did we not remember

them this day. The archives of our country's history radiates with the glory of its warriors; but brightest upon that scroll is inscribed the name of one, "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen." The name of WASHINGTON! It stands alone in its glory. It is adorned with a lustre that will never be dimmed; and while this day is celebrated it will never be forgotten. And as we thus refer to him whose memory is embalmed in the affections of a nation, may we not appropriately advert to the noble effort which is being made to guard from desecration the hallowed spot where the remains of the immortal Washington repose. On this national jubilee, the eloquence of gifted orators is enlisted in behalf of the patriotic enterprize. An appeal for Mount Vernon vibrates to-day upon the hearts of our countrymen, to which they will nobly respond. All honor to the "Southern Matron" who conceived the thought, and success to the worthy project. Nor can we forget in this connection the efforts of the fair daughters of the Palmetto State to rear to the memory of our own CALHOUN a monument, that shall tell to those who come after us that it guards the sleeping dust of a patriot, whom in life it was our delight to honor, and whose memory will be revered by Southern hearts while value attaches to the virtues which so preeminently distinguished him as the "Model Statesman."

Many were the warriors which the war of the Revolution produced; but may we not point with pride to the long line of distinguished statesmen who have adorned our subsequent history? And are we not reminded that they too pass away? Let us pause while we pay a tribute of respect to the memory of the distinguished sons of Carolina. The gallant Brooks—need we bring him to your remembrance? He who so nobly represented the Palmetto State upon the battle-fields of Mexico, and who so recently vindicated her honor in the halls of Congress, he is numbered with the dead. In the meridian of life, and in the zenith of usefulness he was suddenly called away forever. And what tribute shall we render to the memory of our gifted, venerable Butler. He who so lately lived to command the admiration and the respect of all. A shining light has been put out. A champion of Southern rights lies

low in death. But the severity of the blow is alleviated by the reflection that he has gone down to the grave full of years, and with accumulated honors. And yet another has been added to the list of our illustrious dead. Another distinguished statesman has been removed by death. The venerable Cheves is gathered to his fathers; and yonder cemetery hath been opened to receive all that remains of him. But he departed in ripe old age, and when the "frosts of many winters" had settled upon his brow. The deeds of a long, a useful, and honorable life, survive the termination of his earthly course; and his name is added to the rapidly increasing list of departed worthies.

Gentlemen of the Cincinnati:

An unexpected honor has been conferred upon him who has this day attempted to address you. Memory has been busy with the past, as he endeavored to discharge the duty which has been so imperfectly performed. The scenes of boyhood have been brought vividly to view, and the venerable familiar forms of many, whom in early life he was accustomed to see take part in your annual celebrations, have, in imagination, been present with you on this occasion. It is your peculiar province to number on your list of membership the descendants of the officers of the revolution. Nor is it less a distinguishing feature of your association, that provision is made for the unfortunate and the distressed. It is a grateful service; a pleasing duty; yet one not unmingled with sadness, in the thought that with revolving years your numbers must be diminished. The older members of your Society are fast disappearing, and their places are being filled by others, who in turn are becoming now its seniors.

Allow me to congratulate you upon the accession of youthful members to your ranks, and to indulge the hope that when vacancies do occur, that the sons of revolutionary patriots will not be found wanting to supply them.

Gentlemen of the '76 Association :

May I not be permitted also to congratulate you, on the prosperity which is so apparent on this pleasing anniversary. Long may it be continued, and long in your turn may the silent yet speaking figures which are inscribed upon that stand, awaken grateful recollections of an era to which they so emphatically refer. And far distant be the day, when the annual celebrations of this Association shall be remembered only as a legend of the past.

It is yours to perpetuate, with kindred Associations, a memorable day in the history, not only of our country, but of the world. Be yours the grateful, pleasing duty to link with the achievements which have followed, and are closely identified with it, those which also entitle our own Carolina to a high position on the pages of that history. And may increasing devotion to her and her future fame, be as prominently conspicuous in after celebrations, as they have been in those which have preceded them. And while we may yet cherish a Union which *as it once was, and as it ought to be*, would be a Union, around which the affections of our heart would cluster, and to which we would be bound by ties of endearing devotion, yet to our own beloved State be higher fealty given, and upon her be bestowed the warmest affections of devoted hearts.

Our own Carolina, of thee we will sing,
And with rapturous feelings exultingly bring
From our hearts' deepest recess an offering of love,
It springs from a source that is sanctioned above.

Let others forsake thee, if such be their will,
We'll cling to thy time honor'd usages still ;
And never, no never recreant be,
Our own Carolina, no never to thee.

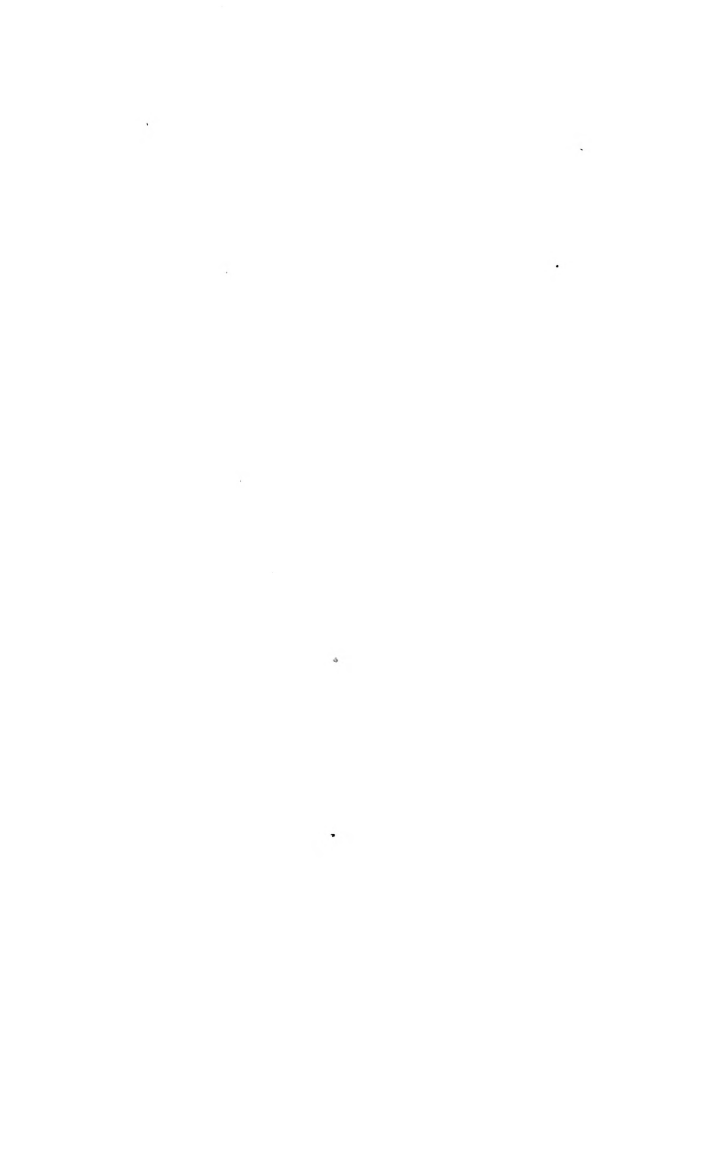
We will **not** forsake thee, whate'er be thy fate,
 Nor allow in these bosoms our love to abate,
 But fondly till death, we will cherish thy name,
A name yet unsullied, or tarnished with shame.

Let us wear but thy name, 'twill a talisman prove,
 Should fate e'er decree that from thee we should rove;
 Let us wear but thy name, and fearless we'll go,
 With passports more potent than kings can bestow.

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